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03x06 - One Ring to Rule Them All

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03x06 - One Ring to Rule Them All

by **bunniefuu**

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[Michael spies on Ben taking his steroids in the bathroom]

[Michael talking to Brian on the street]

Michael: So there I was, stark naked, freezing my tail off, spying on Ben.

Brian: Was he plucking his magic twanger?

Michael: No. He had a needle, and he was giving himself a shot in the a*s.

Brian: The nutty professor, a juice pig? I am so turned on. Here, feel.

[Laughing]

Michael: Cut it out. I've seen him do it twice. I think he's doing steroids.

Brian: For the life of me, I'll never understand why so many g*y men want to f*ck their bodies up with drugs.

Michael: He's always at the gym, he has these nasty moods.

Brian: Roid rage. Well, consider it a small price to pay for an amazing body.

Michael: You're a big f*cking help.

[In front of Babylon]

Emmett: Hi, Guys!

Michael: So how are the two love birds?

Ted: Uh, freezing our t*ts off.

Emmett: Yeah, well, at least I won't have to pinch my nips to get them all taut.

Brian: Allow me.

Emmett: Ow!

Ted: Can you believe the line to get into this f*cking dump?

Michael: Yeah, it's on account of those guys who O.D.'d.

Ted: Great. So because some ignorant amateurs didn't know what they were doing, the rest of us should get punished.

Emmett: Yeah, you can thank your friend, the chief.

Brian: Let's go inside before my d*ck gets frostbite.

Ted: You have a guest pass?

Brian: Uh, only one guest.

Ted & Emmett: as*h*le.

Officer to a drag queen: All right, honey, you can go.

Officer to Emmett: See some I.D.?

Emmett: Hmm.

Officer: Any drugs?

Emmett: Work the pockets, honey. Work the pockets.

Various: Whoo-oo-oo!

[Ethan’s place]

Ethan: You want me to wash your back?

Justin: Hmm... Any excuse to keep your hands on me.

[Chuckle]

Ethan: You know, cleanliness is next to horniness.

Justin: Mmm. you know, when you're finished, I know a really cool game we can play. It’s called "hide the soap bar."

Ethan: Oh-h.

[Ringing of telephone]

Ethan: Hello? Yeah? Oh hey, how you doing? No f*cking way. That's fantastic!

Justin: What?

Ethan: Prepared? Are you kidding? I’ve been preparing my whole life! Yeah. Okay. Thanks, man. That was Glen. Yosef Treblek had a triple bypass.

Justin: Who's Yosef Treblek?

Ethan: This Hungarian violinist.

Justin: Oh god, that's terrible.

Ethan: No, no, no, it's the greatest news ever. He was supposed to play the Harrisburg symphony, but obviously he can't now. So glen suggested me, the silver medalist for the Heifetz competition, as the last minute replacement, and they said yes! They said yes!

Justin: Oh my god, it's your first concert.

Ethan: it's not Philadelphia or Boston, but...

Justin: It doesn't matter. It’s a start.

Ethan: Oh, god. I wish you could be there with me.

Justin: I wish I could too. But your agent would flip out if I was there.

Ethan: Yeah. I know. Hey, I was going to give you this when the phone rang. [Ethan shows the rings to Justin] I bought two of them. They weren't very expensive, but the guy at the store swore to me that they were one of a kind. And I thought it would be a way for us to be together, even when we're apart.

[At Vangard agency]

TV announcer: Citizen, w*r hero, cop, chief of police. Jim Stockwell. You can sleep at night knowing he's the mayor. Paid for by the committee to elect Jim Stockwell.

[Brian is bored]

Jim: Well? What do you think?

Brian: If I want to sleep at night, I could take a xanax. Or I could watch your ad.

Gardner: What my partner means--

Brian: What I mean is, it's f*cking boring.

Nancy: That spot was made by one of the best agencies in the state.

Dominic: 96% of the test group we showed it to reacted favourably.

Brian: Who were they, insomniacs?

Jim: Our loyal supporters.

Brian: Well, you've already got their vote. But what about the voters who are undecided, or the ones who wouldn't cast a ballot for a law and order candidate? You have to pull them into your camp if you want to win. And there is no way in hell you're going to do it with that.

Nancy: I suppose you have a better plan?

Brian: Do you work out?

Jim: Four times a week. religiously.

Brian: Any sports?

Jim: Golf. Swimming. Basketball.

Brian: Hobbies?

Jim: Build model airplanes.

Brian: No sh*t. I did that when I was a kid. You too?

Gardner: Sure, who didn't? But what's the point?

Brian: The point is, I can relate to it. Everyone can. But who the hell's going to relate to some stiff in a uniform?

Gardner: Brian, take it easy...

Jim: It's all right. I don't mind the truth even if you use it like an as*ault weapon. So what do you suggest?

Brian: Change your image. Stop selling yourself as a hero and start selling yourself as a man.

Nancy: That's it?

Brian: An ordinary man, with the same cares and concerns as everyone else. The only difference is, you're in a position to actually do something about it.

Jim: Look, I know I came to you for some fresh ideas. However, it's a radical change from the campaign we've been running.

Dominic: Too radical.

Brian: Well, it's your call. But with the way things are going, I'd say you have nothing to lose except the election.

[Liberty Diner]

Emmett: See now, this, shade of apricot for the walls is calling out for a plum carpet; which practically screams for the raspberry couch with the peach cushions.

Ted: Yeah, I knew I should've gotten the fruit cobbler.

Lindsay: isn't it a bit extreme?

Mel: For Emmett, I'd say it's a bit subdued.

Emmett: Excuse me?

Lindsay: You're moving into a different kind of neighbourhood. It's not the g*y ghetto. It's a bedroom

community.

Ted There's a difference?

Mel: Yes, it's more traditional, more reserved. So, maybe you want to change your style, lose the Streisand posters.

Emmett: The main event was going in the entry.

Lindsay: The sl*ve-boy lamps?

Ted: It's going on the bar, right?

Mel: You just want to think about fitting in, rather than standing out.

Lindsay: Think our house.

Emmett: Your house? Am I to believe I'm actually getting decorator tips from lesbians?

Ted: Look, this is Emmett's project, right? He's got carte blanche to do whatever he wants with the house. Streisand, plums, kumquats if that's what he wants, then that's what it'll be.

Lindsay: Good luck.

Debbie: By the way, you didn't hear it from me, and I didn't hear it from my cop boyfriend; but there's a certain police chief who wants to be mayor who's trying to get some attention for himself by going after businesses that pander to shall we say—

Emmett: Prurient interests?

Debbie: I was gonna say web-whackers.

Ted: Well, don't worry about me, deb. I run a clean operation.

Emmett: Teddy is immaculate. He even rinses out his underwear before he puts them in the laundry.

Debbie: Honey, if they want to, they can always find something.

Ted: Well, thanks for the heads-up, Deb.

Debbie: Well, don't thank me. [Brian comes into the Diner] Thank Benedict Arnold Kinney. He's the one working for the enemy.

Brian: Nice to see you too. I'll have a split pea soup to go.

Debbie: Justin, a split pea. And feel free to piss in it.

Brian: You should really learn to separate your personal feelings from business, Deb.

Justin: It's three bucks.

Brian: Where'd you get the ring?

Justin: Ethan

Brian: How romantic.

Justin: f*ck all you'd know about romance.

Brian: Keep it.

Justin: That's a big tip.

Brian: Maybe you could buy him some flowers. I'm sure he'd like that.

[Ben and Michael's place]

Ben: Are you having an Internet affair, Michael? You've been on that a long time.

Michael: I'm doing some research.

Ben: Ah! Work?

Michael: For you.

Ben: Me? Steroids?

Michael: I saw you.

Ben: Saw me what?

Michael: sh**ting up. So unless you've suddenly become a heroin addict, I figure that's what it is.

Ben: Michael, are you spying on me?

Michael: Spying on you? We live together. How can I not notice?

Ben: Well, a lot of guys are using them, okay? To fight body wasting.

Michael: You're not wasting.

Ben: Yet.

Michael: Did your doctor prescribe them?

Ben: No.

Michael: Well, then where did you get them?

Ben: What is this, an interrogation?

Michael: I'm concerned, that's all. It says there're a lot of side effects. Mood swings, diarrhea, liver damage--

Ben: Yeah, I'm aware of the potential side effects, Michael. I have done my research too.

Michael: Well then, we should've at least talked it over.

Ben: Look. I'm just trying a cycle, okay? To see if it makes any difference. And so far the advantages are beating the disadvantages. Huh? [Ben showing his muscles to Michael] It's not too bad, huh?

Michael: It's fine.

Ben: How about that? [Ben makes Michael touch his abs and then his d*ck]

Michael: Nice. Aw, don't tell me it works on that too.

[Brian makes the commercial of Stockwell]

Jim to the kids: Get on him, get on him, get on him. Good shot. Okay, take it out. You're guarding him. Move a little bit, right there.

Jim to the camera: I'm Jim Stockwell, police chief and coach of my son's basketball team. There was a time when you could send your kids to the park. Before sex and drugs were available on every street corner. As a crime fighter and a parent, I'd like to see those times again. I know you would too. Vote for me for mayor, and let's make Pittsburgh family-friendly once more.

Man: And cut.

Brian to the cameraman: Keep rolling, keep rolling. keep rolling.

Jim: How was that?

Man: It was great.

Brian: Did you get that?

Cameraman: Yep, I got it.

Brian: Thanks.

Jim to Brian: How was that?

Brian: If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were tom cruise.

[Ted's office]

Ted: Everyone have valid I.D.s?

Men: Yes, sir!

Ted: Mm-hm. Any convicted felons?

Men: No, sir!

Ted: Mm-hm. Any ill*gal drugs on the premises?

Men: No, sir!

Ted: Excellent. All right back to work.

Men: Yes, sir!

Ted: Oh, and, uh… keep it clean.

Men: Yes, sir!

Ted: I mean keep it dirty but--

Men: Yes, sir!

Ted to his assistant: Fire alarms, sprinkler systems, handicapped ramp, toilets?

Eddie: All up to code, Mr. Schmidt.

Ted: Any rodents or pests on the premises?

Eddie: Only the human kind, Mr. Schmidt.

Ted: All rules and regulations the correct size and clearly posted?

Eddie: Measured to the inch. Just like your jerkers, Mr. Schmidt.

Ted: Well then, Eddie I'd say we have nothing to worry about. Every detail has been checked and re-checked. Let 'em come and inspect. We, at Teddy's whack-shack, are ready for them.

[Ethan and Justin's place]

Journalist: So how do you feel about your first concert appearance? Scared, confident, excited?

Ethan: Definitely all of the above.

Journalist: You know, it's quite a remarkable achievement for someone so young, and obviously so gifted to have such sudden success. I understand that until recently, you were performing on street corners?

Ethan: Well, you gotta pay the rent.

[Opening of door –Justin and Daphne come in]

Justin: What's up?

Ethan to the journalist: Hey, this is Justin, my cousin, and his girlfriend, Daphne.

They like to use the apartment sometimes when I'm not here.

Ethan to Justin and Daphne: Hey, guys, this is Alexa Scott, she's interviewing me for the paper.

Justin: Right.

Ethan: So why don't you guys come back another time?

Justin: Sure. I'll see you later. Come on, Daph.

Ethan: Sorry about the interruption.

Alexa: Ah. Just a couple more questions. Do you have a girlfriend?

Ethan: I'd prefer not to talk about that.

Alexa: Oh... that usually means yes.

[Sit on the street]

Daphne: "Girlfriend"? What the f*ck was that?

Justin: His agent doesn't want anyone to know he's g*y. He thinks it could hurt his career.

Daphne: Who gives a sh*t who a violinist is f*cking?

Justin: Don't ask me. I agreed to go along with it.

Daphne: You know, Brian might not have been everything you wanted in a boyfriend, but at least he never asked you to lie.

Justin: He didn't have his entire future career at stake.

Daphne: So you're going to be his "cousin"? Like anyone's dumb enough to believe that.

Justin: No one's going to know.

Daphne: Justin, you almost died coming out. How could you go back in for anyone?

Justin: I don't want to talk about it.

Daphne: But it's f*cking unfair of him to make you pretend you're something that you're not.

Justin: I said I didn't want to talk about it. So would you mind your own f*cking business?

[Silent]

[Ted and Emmett's house]

Emmett: Can you believe those d*kes telling us how we should decorate our house? Don't they realize Laura Ashley went out with rotary phones?

Ted: Now, now. Show a little compassion. I mean, they can't help it if they're design-challenged.

Emmett: It would look stunning here.

Ted: What would?

Emmett: A chair and ottoman upholstered in dyed blueberry ostrich-skin. What do you think?

Ted: Brings out your eyes.

Emmett: Mmm. But it's too expensive.

Ted: Who cares about cost? This isn't an investment, it's a home. It's our home.

Emmett: Mmm… This must be a fairy tale 'cause I married a prince.

Jen: Whoops! Sorry, guys. I'm just here to report, the house inspector's doing just fine. No major problems so far. Knock wood.

[Rapping on door]

Jen: Well... [Jen open the door]

Sunny: Hi, I'm Sunny! Sunny reed. Actually, it's Susanna. But ever since I was a baby, they called me sunny, I guess just because I always have the sunniest smile on my face.

Jen: Oh... I... I'm Jennifer. Ever since I was a baby, they've called me Jennifer.

Sunny: Well, welcome to the neighbourhood. I just know you're going to love it here.

Jen: Oh, thanks. I'm just the realtor; I'm not the new owner.

Ted: That'd be me. Ted Schmidt.

Sunny: Hi, Ted! Sunny! Sunny reed. My husband and I just live next door. Welcome to the neighbourhood. I brought you a caramel cake. I'm famous for my caramel cake. But don't worry, Ted. I'll share the recipe with Mrs. Schmidt. Where is Mrs. Schmidt?

Emmett: That'd be me.

Sunny: Then you're--?

Emmett: That'd be us.

Sunny: Well, isn't that interesting? Well, I just know you're going to love it here. Everybody does. We just have the best schools and churches, and everybody babysits and looks out for each other's kids.

Jen: Well, that sounds like a very friendly group of people, doesn't it, guys?

Ted: Very.

Emmett: Friendly.

Sunny: In fact, it's a tradition that we host a c*ck party for our new arrivals. Nothing formal, just a little..."hi, welcome to the neighbourhood" kind of thing. So, how's Friday at around 6:00, just right next door?

Ted: Well, thank you Sunny.

Sunny: Such a lovely house. The Harrises, they just had the most exquisite taste. Early American furniture and oriental rugs... Well, I should go. Oh, your cake! Oh. See you Friday.

Emmett: See you Friday.

Ted: Bye-bye, Sunny.

Jen: Bye.

Emmett: Toodles.

Ted: There you go, Mrs. Schmidt.

[Debbie's house]

Debbie: Jen said that Ted and Emmett's new house has tonnes of curb appeal.

Michael to Ben: Like you.

Vic: Although why those two would want to live around a bunch of breeders is beyond me.

Ben: A lot of us are moving on up these days.

Vic: I'll take Liberty Avenue.

Debbie: Oh, sh*t!

Michael: What?

Debbie: My good ring just fell behind the fridge.

Michael: Your good ring?

Debbie: Yeah, the one I got on the TV show.

Vic: From the Joan rivers collection.

Debbie: And don't say a f*cking thing against her. I like that she's got a big, dirty mouth that gets her in trouble.

Michael: I wonder why.

Debbie: Someone give me a hand.

Michael: What... ma. Wait...

Debbie: Someone give me a hand here.

Ben: Debbie, Debbie. Hold. Let me do that, all right? You're gonna hurt yourself. All right.

Debbie: Can you see it?

Ben: Uummm... This?

Debbie: Yes! Oh, my hero. Oh. Now that's what I call a real man.

Vic: We could've done the same.

Michael: Yeah, with a forklift.

Debbie: Thank you.

Ben: Okay. Well, I better go wash my hands.

Debbie: Has Ben actually gotten bigger since the last time I saw him?

Michael: Yeah, well he's been working out a lot lately.

Vic: And it shows.

Debbie: Mmm. what's his secret?

Michael: You know, protein shakes, low-carb diet, stuff like that.

Vic: Does "stuff like that" include steroids?

Debbie: Is that what he's doing?

Michael: He says it prevents wasting.

Vic: Wasting? He’s built like a brick shithouse.

Debbie: The stuff is poison. For one thing, it makes you meaner than cat piss. And for another--

Michel: For another, it's none of your concern. If that's what Ben needs to do to stay alive and healthy, then that's all that matters.

Vic: Can't argue that if that's the only reason.
[TV spot – Jim Stockwell]

“I'm Jim Stockwell, police chief and coach of my son's basketball team. There was a time when you could send your kids to the park, before sex and drugs were available on every corner. As a crime fighter and a parent, I’d like to see those times again. I know you would too. Vote for me for mayor, and let's make Pittsburgh family-friendly once more.

[In Vangard agency]

[***]

Dominic: You gotta be kidding.

Nancy: it's a music video, not a campaign advertisement.

Dominic: There's no way we're going to run that.

Nancy: It's practically obscene, revealing his body like some sort of sex object.

Brian: What do you think sells corn flakes?

Gardner: There is a strategy behind all this. When we'll air the spot, on which programmes—

Brian: Those with a strong female demographic, ages 18-34.

Jim: All right, do it.

Nancy: Jim, you can't--

Jim: But if you turn me into a joke I'll f*cking have your ba*ls.

Gardner: If he turns you into a joke, I'll f*cking give them to you.

[Ted's place]

[Humming of Hair dryer]

Ted: Em?

Emmett: Hi, hon, I'll be right out.

Ted: The new "traviata" just came out. Can't wait to hear it.

Emmett: Oh yeah?

[Chuckling]

Emmett: What's so funny?

Ted: What, are you planning on going straight again, or is this some kind of bizarro, cross-dressing practice you engage in when I'm not around?

Emmett: I was just putting together an outfit for the neighbours' party.

Ted: Well, you'll fit right in.

[Chuckling]

Emmett: Oh, oh, and check this out. It's my new colour scheme for the living room. Mocha walls, chocolate mohair couch, and, charcoal tweed club chairs.

Ted: Oh, it's very smart, very sophisticated, but not very you. I mean, what happened to the plum carpet, the raspberry sofa, the casaba melon pillows?

Emmett: Peach.

Ted: Oh.

Emmett: Well, I hate to admit it, but you know, maybe Mel and Linds were right. It was too fruity.

Ted: Uh-huh. so, instead we get assimilationist-beige, blend-right-in-brown and make-no-waves-grey.

Emmett: I just figured that since we're leaving Liberty Avenue, maybe it was time we left certain other things behind too.

Ted: Like our colour scheme, our self-respect? I mean, whatever happened "to f*ck 'em all" Honeycutt?

Emmett: Back in Hazlehurst, I used to look up at those houses on the hill, you know, where the right people lived? And dream that one day, I would live there too. And now that my dream is finally coming true, I... I just... I don't want people thinking th--

Ted: That we're the f*gs next door? Well, that's what we're going to be no matter what you do. And if they don't say it to our face, they'll say it behind our backs. Wait there.

[Distant wailing Of sirens]

Ted: This is what the well-dressed q*eer will be wearing on Friday night.

Emmett: I love that shirt. Isn’t it so cute?

[At Gym – Ben paying for his steroids – Brian watching all]

Ben: Perfect. All right, man. Thank you. I appreciate it. [Ben to Brian] I didn't see you.

Brian: Guess not.

Ben: You don't usually, uh, work out this time of day, do you?

Brian: Not usually.

Ben: Look, it's not what you think.

Brian: I think it's exactly what I think. Michael told me he was going to talk to you.

Ben: Huh. Yeah, well he did. And he understands.

Brian: Well, that's Michael. Always understanding.

Ben: Why don't you just mind your own business?

Brian: If it was just you, I would. As my dear old dad used to say, you're three times seven. But it's not just you. You're taking him down with you.

Ben: I do not need to be lectured by the biggest wh*re in Pittsburgh. You are f*cking

lucky you're not positive.

[Ethan’s place]

Ethan: You all right?

Justin: Sure.

Ethan: Really? It was the interview.

Justin: No. I don't give a sh*t about that. Huh, Daphne was pretty pissed of passing me off as your cousin.

Ethan: Well, come on. I had to think of something.

Justin: Is this how it's going to be from now on? Lying, playing games. Now you're going away.

Ethan: To Harrisburg for one night. It's not like I’m going on a world tour.

Justin: That's next.

Ethan: I wish. Look. Who knows what's going to happen? I could b*mb, and that'll be the end of it. But if this works we could have this amazing life. I was thinking, we could buy a farmhouse, with a studio, and a practice room.

Justin: You dream big.

Ethan: Why not? Doesn’t cost anything.

Justin: God, you're such a romantic.

Ethan: I hate that you're not going to be there with me.

Justin: Not as much as me.

Ethan: How am I going to perform without my muse?

Justin: You'll do fine. Besides, you always said I was distracting.

Ethan: Don't you know I was playing just for you?

[Brian’s loft]

Michael: You're not ready. Well, come on. Get dressed. You don't want to miss all that hot male action. What's the matter with you?

Brian: This.

Michael: How'd you get that? What? Did one of your sex partners get carried away?

Brian: No, one of yours. Your boyfriend practically stuffed me into a locker.

Michael: What? How come?

Brian: Well, it seems I said something about his steroid use he took objection to.

Michael: Why'd you say anything at all?

Brian: Um... Because it's undignified for a university professor and not-so-best-selling author to be seen making drug deals in a locker room.

Michael: You saw him?

Brian: Yeah. And now I'll be forced to sit at home, not wearing my most fabulous new sleeveless shirt to Babylon.

Michael: I'm really sorry.

Brian: Yeah, like that makes up for the fact that I'll be scarred for life.

Michael: Well, you can tell people you got it duelling.

Brian: I thought you were going to talk to him.

Michael: I did. He said it's something he needs to do.

Brian: Ben needs more muscles like I need another c*ck.

Michael: He said he's aware of the side effects.

Brian: Like practically murdering his lover's best friend? Well, if you're cool sleeping with your eyes open and a hatchet under your pillow, that's your business. Just keep him the f*ck away from me.

[In the street in front of Ethan's place]

Ethan: Okay, I got my rented tux, my train Ticket, "Mischa". Okay, I guess that's everything. Except you.

Justin: It's okay. You'll be back tomorrow.

Ethan: I love stiff-upper-lip goodbyes. So Mrs. Miniver.

Justin: Who's she?

Ethan: It's from an old movie. Don't you know anything?

Justin: I'm an idiot.

Ethan: Ah, shut up.

Justin: Careful. There might be paparazzi lurking on the rooftop.

Ethan: f*ck 'em.

Children in the other sidewalk: Look! [chuckling][Mocking Laughter]

Ethan: I'll be thinking about you, every step of the way, wishing you were there.

Justin: Me too.

Ethan: You will be.

Justin: Oh god. What a cornball.

Ethan: It's why you love me.

[Closing of cab door]

[In a Bar]

Dominic: This is amazing. Just amazing.

Nancy: You've gone up eight points in the polls.

Dominic: There was even an editorial in the paper this morning.

Jim: Good or bad?

Dominic: It was mixed.

Brian: It doesn't matter as long as they're talking about you.

Nancy: And all since your commercials aired.

Brian: Yeah, all of those years of sit-ups finally paid off.

Gardner: Well, we've been getting calls about it all morning.

Jim: I just want you to know, I had every faith in you.

Brian: No, you didn't. But you took a chance anyway.

Gardner: So, uh... What's our resident genius have in mind now?

Jim on TV: I'm Jim Stockwell, police chief, and coach of my son's basketball team. There was a time...

Brian: Keep your face in the news. I'll keep your face on the screen.

Jim on TV: ...available on every corner. As a crime fighter and a parent...

[Emmett and Ted walking to their "hi, welcome to the neighbourhood" party]

Ted: Uh, come on. We're the guests of honour. It's rude to be late.

Emmett: My intuition tells me things are not going to go well tonight.

Ted: Well, your intuition also told you Madonna was going to win the oscar for "Evita", so...

Emmett: She SO deserved it.

Ted: Look, no matter what happens in there tonight, just remember, this is what pride is all about. Why our forefathers and fore drag queens stood their ground at stonewall so that we could buy a house in a neighbourhood like this.

[Chiming of doorbell]

Sunny: Oh, there you two are! Come on in! [Sunny looking at Emmett shirt] Oh my goodness, look at that! I can't wear pastels, they make me look so dumpy. But you gays can wear anything. Such beautiful bodies. You put our husbands to shame! Speaking of the devil, my husband, Dennis. [Sunny speaking to his husband] Den, our new neighbours, Fred and Emile.

Ted: Eh, it's Ted.

Emmett: Emmett.

Dennis: Glad you could make it. We know you boys probably have a lot more exciting things to do on a Friday night.

Ted speaking quietly to Emmett: Well, actually they don't need to know about k*ller krotch nite at Babylon.

Dennis: How about a drink?

Emmett: Iwould give my left tit... I mean, my left arm for a cosmo.

Sunny: Everybody! Well these are the boys who bought the Harris house.

[Squeals of welcome]

Woman 1: Hi! I'm Dede and this is Phil. We live across the street.

Ted: Hi.

Dede: Well, sunny has told us all about you. You know, our favourite TV show is that g*y

Drama. What's it called?

Phil: g*y as…something.

Ted: g*y as blazes?

Dede: That's it! Oh, we love the characters. You know, g*y people have the same problems that we do.

Emmett: Isn't it amazing?

Dede: Yeah.

[Giggling]

Woman 2: We're the Mayerhoffs.

Ted and Emmett: Hi.

Mrs Mayerhoffs: You must come to the school musical. We're doing "Mame", and our 12-year-old Olivia is Mame.

Emmett: Oh?

Woman 3: Not until they come to my house for dinner. I have a cousin who's a l*sbian.

Man: Big deal. My brother is a tr*nny.

Woman 3: What the hell's that?

Man: Some people are so ignorant, aren't they? [Man to woman 3] A transsexual. Right, guys?

Emmett: Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's... right.

Ted: Uh, it's totally what we call them. tr*nny.

Dennis: Drinks?

Emmett and Ted: Thank you.

All: Cheers! Cheers! [Laughing]

Dede: Welcome to our new neighbours.

Mrs Mayerhoffs: Happy home-owning!

[At Ethan’s concert}

Ethan to Glen: So what did you think?

All in the hall: [Clapping]

Man 1: Just terrific.

Ethan: Thank you.

Woman 1: Thrilling performance. And you were so passionate.

Ethan: I tend to get involved with what I’m playing.

Man 1: And to step in like that, at the last minute. Most impressive.

Ethan: It was a privilege to perform, sir. Thank you.

Glen: You play your admirers almost as well as your violin.

Ethan: I didn't work street corners for nothing.

Man 2: Well done, Mr. gold.

Glen: Next time, we get a tux that fits.

Ethan: You mean there's actually going to be a next time?

Glen: I spoke with the buffalo symphony. They want to include you in their "emerging artists series."

Ethan: No sh*t!

Woman 2: Mr. gold? Wonderful.

Ethan: Thank you. Thank you very much!

Glen: I'll call you when I get back to New York with the details, okay?

[Justin watching Ethan having an indistinct conversation with a fan, and watching Ethan following this same fan]

[Sunny’s house]

Sunny: c*ck frank?

Ted: Uh, it's Ted. [Giggling] Thank you, Sunny.

Den: What line are you in, Emmett?

Emmett: I work at a small gentleman's haberdashery, on Liberty Avenue.

Dede: Oh, the g*y street!

Emmett: Yeah, that's right.

Sunny: c*ck frank?

Emmett: No, thank you. But what I really want to do is be a party planner.

Sunny: Maybe you could help plan my holiday party.

Dede: And mine!

Mrs Mayerhoffs: Oh and mine!

Emmett: Oh, that would be great!

Women: Ah! [Laughter]

Ted to Emmett! And your intuition told you tonight would be a disaster.

[Chiming of doorbell]

Sunny at the door: Can I help you, officers? Is someone double-parked?

Officer 1: Uh, we were told we might find a Theodore Schmidt here, ma'am.

Officer 2: His office gave us this address.

Sunny: Our new neighbour. He's right in here.

Officer1: Theodore Schmidt?

Woman: OH...

Ted: Yeah, that's, right. Can I help you, officers?

Officer 1: You're under arrest, Mr. Schmidt.

Emmett: Arrest?

Ted: For what?

Officer 1: Contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Emmett: That's very flattering, officer. I know I look way younger than my years, but...

Officer 1: An inspection of your pornographic website establishment found an underage employee on your premises.

Ted: Uuh! No, that... that's absurd. I checked and double-checked everyone. There are no under-age employees.

Officer 1: What about Edward Stewart Malone?

Ted: Eddie? He's my assistant.

Officer 1: He won't be 18 for another 3 months.

Various: Good lord. Oh!

Ted: Eddie's 21!

Officer 2: Not according to his birth certificate.

Emmett: But, he's so tall.

Officer 1: Want to come along? Officer Norton here will read you the miranda.

Ted: Em...

Emmett: Uh, uh... Uh, thank you, Sunny, thank you, Dennis, um... Well, everyone, as soon as we get moved in, we're going... have a... a big ol' barbecue. And you're all invited. So...

Various: Oh... goodness. Oh, you just neverknow about people.

[Michael and Ben’s place]

Ben: [Vomiting]

Michael: Can I do anything?

Ben: Must be something I ate.

Michael: Or the steroids.

Ben: We already had that conversation.

Michael: It's f*cking you up.

Ben: It is not f*cking me up.

Michael: Yeah, it is. And you don't even know it. Christ, you even hit Brian.

Ben: I did not hit him!

Michael: Well, shoved him, made him bleed, whatever. But you can't just go around shoving people and acting all crazy.

Ben: Oh, now I'm crazy? Uh, f*ck you!

Michael: You're not crazy. You just...Sometimes you act that way.

Ben: You don't understand anything.

Michael: Understand what?

Ben: What it's like to wake up every morning and remember, "oh yeah, I've got this thing." Because you don't have this thing. You never have to take a mouthful of meds, never knowing when they'll stop working, Never knowing when a f*cking cough or a f*cking sniffle may land you in the hospital, because to you, Michael, it is just a f*cking cough or a f*cking sniffle! And every time I go to kiss you or suck you or f*ck you, even when we're protected, even then there's still this shitty, nagging doubt that maybe, just maybe, you could get infected. Sometimes I just think...

Michael: What? Sometimes you just think what?

Ben: What it might just be easier to be with someone who's positive.

[Michael going in the bathroom and slamming the door]

[At Woody's Justin is alone observed by Brian]

Brian: Buy you another one?

Justin: No thanks.

Brian: Where's your fiance?

Justin: He's playing somewhere.

Brian: Well, luckily...You have this. [Brian pointing the ring]

[***]

Brian: See ya.

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